

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,564.

Registered at the G.P.O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

BISHOP OF LONDON  
OFF TO THE FRONT.

P. 431



The Bishop of London (wearing khaki) leaves London to spend Easter in the trenches. The Archdeacon of London has come to see him off.

FIVE MEN HOLD A STREET: GERMANS  
FIRE FROM BEHIND A BARRICADE.

8-11910 J



This striking picture was taken in the district of Notre Dame de Lorette, where the French have been pursuing a vigorous offensive. It shows five German soldiers, who are sheltered behind a barricade of sandbags, firing on the enemy. They have strengthened the defence with an old farm cart which they found in a stable close by.

ABSENTEE PUNISHED: FRENCH SOLDIERS SEE A COMRADE DEGRADED.

8-11914 B



A French soldier was absent from his duties for four days, and when he returned he was quite unable to give any satisfactory account of why he had gone away or of how he had spent the time. A court-martial then ordered him to be degraded, the sentence

being carried out in the presence of the unhappy man's regiment. The picture shows him praying at the feet of a priest, while his comrades are seen drawn up in the foreground.







BUY  
TO-MORROW'S  
Amazing Issue  
of the  
**SUNDAY·PICTORIAL**



*Full of splendid features, including—*

**MARIE CORELLI**

on

**A Woman's View of the War**



**Horatio Bottomley**

*Editor of "John Bull"*

on  
**War to the knife  
—and fork**



**Austin Harrison**

*Editor of the  
"English Review."*

on  
**Britain under  
German Rule**



**Barry Pain**

on  
**Our Village  
in War Time**

*[Elliott & Fry.]*

**PAGES and PAGES of  
EXCLUSIVE PICTURES and  
ALL THE NEWS**

**Circulation of No. 1: 1,033,203 Copies**

**Circulation of No. 2: 1,554,276 Copies**

**Circulation of No. 3 will break  
all Records**



## WHERE TO SEE FINEST WAR PICTURES.

"Sunday Pictorial's" Photograph of Trench Captured by Irish V.C.

## TORPEDO 'SNAPPED' IN SEA

To-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* is going to be the finest Sunday newspaper that has ever been produced.

There will be nothing on the newsagent's counter as good as the *Sunday Pictorial*.

Its numerous pages of exclusive and superbly-printed pictures, its unrivalled literary articles and its magnificent service of news have already given it a unique position among Sunday journals.

To-morrow's issue will contain some of the most remarkable photographs ever published. These will include a photograph of the actual trench captured by Michael O'Leary, the young Irish Guardsman, V.C. who killed eight Germans and by his heroism gained immortal fame.

There will be a thrilling photograph of a German torpedo which was "snapped" just as it was missing a British ship.

You can see the torpedo actually breaking through the surface as it approaches the ship. In addition there will be many other pages of wonderful war photographs.

How the *Sunday Pictorial* has gained instant popularity can be seen in these plain figures: No. 1 had a circulation of 1,033,203 copies, No. 2 of 1,554,276 copies, but the circulation of No. 3 will break all records.

If the weather keeps you close to the fireside to-morrow you can find a most delightful companion in the *Sunday Pictorial*. It is the world's most captivating Sunday paper.

### WOMAN'S VIEW OF WAR.

A galaxy of star writers are illuminating the subject. Miss Marie Corelli, the gifted and distinguished novelist, has a most powerful and penetrating article on "This Amazing War."

Miss Corelli's genius has never been seen to greater advantage than in her wonderful analysis of a woman's view of the stupendous tragedy which is darkening Europe.

And there are other articles of profound human interest by prominent writers.

"War to the Knife-and-Fork" is the theme of a vigorous and racy essay from the pen of Mr. Bottomley. Mr. Austin Harrison gives a grim picture of "Britain Under German Rule."

Mr. Barry Pain displays his exquisite humour in "A Child's Guide to the War." Miss Velia Stiles, the delightful male impersonator, has a special article entitled "The Free Song."

These are only some of the notable features of to-morrow's paper. There are many others. With all these allurements there is certain to be a record rush for the paper.

Early in the week the orders outstripped the huge demands for last Sunday's paper, and they were rolled in yesterday in almost overwhelming numbers.

When the news vendor passes your house to-morrow morning he may tell you that he has "sold out." You can avoid this disappointment if you ask him to reserve you the *Sunday Pictorial* to-day.

## WILL IN SAFE MYSTERY.

Strange Story of Lonely Rides in Charge of Forging Document.

That he forged the will of a man who is still alive was alleged against Oliver Stiles, a tailor, whom the Cambridge magistrates yesterday committed for trial.

It was alleged that he obtained the signatures of a Cambridge undertaker, named Ellis Merry, of his wife and bookkeeper, to an agreement to sell his business, and then used these to forge a will purporting to be made by Merry in his favour.

The will was placed in a sealed envelope, and Merry unsuspectingly allowed it to be deposited in his safe.

After a time Merry became suspicious, and the packet was handed to a firm of solicitors to whom it was addressed, when the contents were found to be the forged will.

The prosecution alleges that attempts were made to get the prosecutor into lonely places, and suggests that the idea was to murder him. Evidence was given by a number of witnesses as to Stiles accompanying Merry upon a motor ride and seeking private interviews with him.

A lad named Victor Brown said Stiles sent him to purchase a gun licence and some revolver cartridges.

### AMERICAN SUBMARINE LOST.

New York, March 26.—A telegram from Honolulu states that the American submarine F-4, whilst at target practice yesterday morning, dived and did not reappear.

A search last night revealed that she was lying in deep water. Attempts to raise her have failed, and it is feared that the crew of twenty-five must have been suffocated.—Reuter.

### NEW ORDER CHANGETH.

The new regulations with regard to passports to France, it is stated, have proved so very confusing that there has been a reversion to the old order.

## OFFICER'S WIFE'S FATE.

Barmaid Remanded on Charge of Causing Her Death by Shooting Her.

### SINGLE WOMAN OR WIDOW?

The Pimlico barmaid named Mario Lanteri, who was arrested by the police in connection with the mysterious death of Mrs. Annie Wootten, wife of a lieutenant in the Bedfordshire Regiment, living at Rotherfield-street, Essex-road, was remanded at North London Police Court, yesterday, on a charge of causing Mrs. Wootten's death.

When the inquest on Mrs. Wootten was opened by Mr. Schroder, the previous day, the coroner stated that it was supposed at first that death was due to a fall downstairs, but in view of suspicious circumstances he adjourned the inquest. The accused was later arrested.

Divisional Detective-Inspector Davies, who arrested the accused, said he told her he was going to arrest her for causing Mrs. Wootten's death by shooting her with a revolver or a pistol. She said nothing, but some time afterwards she said, "It is a nice thing to be charged with. I am only twenty-three, and I was a widow four months after marrying."

At the station I said to her: "Would you care to give me an account of your actions last Tuesday, the 23rd?"

Continuing his evidence, the witness said previously he left my room at Shepherd's Bush at half-past one and walked as far as the Marble Arch. I went to several places in London on that day." Witness said: "Do you care to say where? and she replied: "I do not see what I should."

Witness asked her whether she was married to Lanteri. She first said that it was at Guildford, and afterwards she said: "As a matter of fact, I have never been really married."

## NO LIONS WANTED.

Fall of 80 per Cent. in Price of Wild Beasts Caused by War.

Lions, tigers, elephants and other wild animals now at large in tropical forests have reason to be bled the present war! There are no sportsmen to shoot or capture them and shipping companies will not be troubled to bring them to Europe.

On the other hand, the inmates of zoological gardens in this country and on the Continent would not be pleased if they could hear what London animal dealers say—namely, that their value has since war began gone down no less than 80 per cent. This means that a lion worth £50 before the war would be bought to-day for a paltry £10!

Mr. John D. Hamlyn, the well-known animal dealer, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the trade in wild animals was almost completely at a standstill.

During the past few months, he said, he had had dozens of letters from the Continent offering him lions and other animals.

It was impossible for him to buy them, as there was nobody to whom he could sell them. Mr. R. F. Pocock, superintendent of the London Zoological Gardens, told *The Daily Mirror* that he was very curious to know what was happening to the inmates of the numerous zoological gardens in Germany.

"Almost every town in that country has its own zoo," he said. "As time goes on I am afraid that many of the animals in Germany will have to be sacrificed, as every bit of fodder will be wanted for the horses."

### LOANS TO SPEAKER'S SON.

Mr. Christopher W. Lowther, elder son of the Speaker of the House of Commons, was a defendant in the King's Bench Division yesterday in an action before Mr. Justice Rowlett, in which some remarkable statements were made concerning money-lending transactions.

The plaintiff was Mark Wolfe, a registered money-lender trading under the name of J. King. He made a claim upon a promissory note for £600 given by Mr. Lowther on July 29, 1914, and of which it was alleged he had made default.

Counsel for the defence said Mr. Lowther asked for relief against a transaction of "a grossly usurious kind."

Mr. Lowther's position was that he had an income of £2,000 a year. He was the owner of leasehold houses worth some thousands of pounds.

His main value, however, to a moneylender was that he was entitled on his father's death, under his grandfather's will, to a reversionary interest in property bringing in £4,000 a year.

Counsel claimed that the interest on loans was advanced to him—100 per cent., 140, 147, and 180 per cent.

In the end judgment was given for the repayment of the principal with 50 per cent. interest—£1,200—and costs.

### BISHOP LEAVES FOR THE TRENCHES.

Dr. Winnington Ingram, the Bishop of London, left Victoria Station yesterday for the front, where he is to spend Easter with the men in the trenches.

The Bishop, attired in khaki, was practically unnoticed as he joined the train, in which were a number of returning soldiers, and there were only a few friends to see him off.

### THE WEATHER.

Mostly fair; some snow showers locally; cold.

## THE QUEEN AT WINDOW.

Her Majesty Waves Bouquet at Cheering Factory Girls.

### JOURNEY IN LUGGAGE LIFT.

The Queen yesterday afternoon made a round of visits to the workrooms in connection with Queen Mary's Work for Women Fund.

Her Majesty first visited St. Margaret's Hall, High-road, Kilburn, which is under the direct control of the fund, and here she had quite a long chat with a widow who is being assisted by her fund to emigrate to Australia.

The woman has two children, and the Central Committee are to look after the little ones till the mother is established herself, and then to send them out to her.

Leaving St. Margaret's Hall, her Majesty went to Porchester House, where a similar department has been established.

A visit was paid next to Messrs. Rosdale's workrooms at Upper Rathbone-place, where a contract for a million pairs of socks for soldiers and sailors is being carried out.

A number of girls are engaged here who were previously employed in dressmaking, and who lost their employment owing to the war.

The Queen was presented with a bouquet by Miss Bush, the manageress, on behalf of the girls in the workrooms. Her Majesty was pleased to learn that the girls are able to earn twice as much as they did at their old employment.

Queen went to the upper premises in the luggage lift, and saw the busy departments in full swing.

Women and girls from surrounding factories, hearing of the royal visit, crowded to their work-room windows, and cheered every time they caught a glimpse of her Majesty.

On one such occasion the Queen went to the open window of the workroom which she was inspecting, smilingly bowed in acknowledgment, and waved her bouquet to the delighted girls.

Some of the members of the Queen's party got lost in the course of the inspection, and her Majesty was much amused to find on leaving that she had to wait for the appearance of one lady and one gentleman, who finally reappeared through separate doors at opposite ends of the building.

### "LIMIT DRINK SUPPLY."

Transport Workers' Council Urge Government to Shorten the Hours of Sale.

"In the interests of national well-being we would urge the Government to take immediate decisive action to reduce the results of intemperance to a minimum."

This is the substance of a letter which the Executive Committee of the Transport Workers' Federation decided to send yesterday to Mr. Lloyd George.

"We desire to convey with respect to the unions connected with the transport industry the grave concern which we feel in regard to the output of the munitions of war to the maximum some radical alteration should be made with reference to the number of hours during which intoxicants may be sold in licensed houses, clubs, etc."

"We are prepared to support the Government in any measures which may be deemed desirable, provided that they affect all districts alike and all classes alike."

"We are convinced that, although excessive drinking is indulged in by only a small minority, so interdependent is modern labour that the diminished efficiency of this minority has a bad influence upon the output of the total number of the men engaged in any set of operations."

The committee suggests that canteen provision should be made in works where work is conducted during the night.

### WIFE WHO ENDURED MUCH.

How a man tried to murder his wife and also committed bigamy was told in the Divorce Court yesterday when Frances Margaret Inett was granted a decree nisi against her husband, Frederick Inett, on the ground of alleged cruelty and desertion. The case was undefended.

Petitioner's counsel said the parties were married in 1900, and lived happily until February, 1908.

A few months later respondent went through a bigamous form of marriage with a woman named Kate Simons at Fulham, and he lived with her. Simons left the respondent, who then begged his wife to live with him again. They again lived together, and on February 24 the respondent tried to murder his wife by poisoning her while she was asleep. On March 10 respondent again attempted to murder his wife by putting cyanide in her tea.

Subsequently the respondent was arrested, and being found guilty of attempting to murder and of bigamy was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

### CORONER AND A TREASURE TROVE.

The secret removal of treasure trove without a coroner's inquiry being held into the circumstances of the discovery is alleged by Dr. Waldo, the City coroner, in a report to the City Corporation.

The treasure in question, says the coroner, was found within the City boundaries, and is now deposited in the London Museum, Lancaster House, St. James's, S.W. The treasure consists of a hoard of Elizabethan or Jacobean jewellery, rings, necklaces and pendants.

The jewellery and gems, it is understood, were unearthed while excavations were in progress on a site in Wood-street, City, or thereabouts, and were inclosed in a strong wooden box.

## WOMAN OWNER WINS GRAND NATIONAL.

Triumph of Lady Nelson's Ally Sloper Makes Racing Record.

### NO LUCK FOR K.C.

A woman owner has won the Grand National Steeplechase—for the first time in the history of the race.

Lady Nelson has the proud distinction of having made this new record, for at Liverpool yesterday Ally Sloper, carrying her pretty white and light blue livery, won very easily from Mr. C. Bower Ismay's Jacobus and Lord Suffolk's Father Confessor.

The jumping sport has become very popular with the fair sex during recent years, and at present there are perhaps more women owners of steeplechasers than of flat races.

Lady Nelson, who is the wife of Sir William Nelson, Consul-General for Paraguay, has won several good races during the jumping season, and other women owners whose colours have been frequently successful during the winter months are Lady Esme Gordon, Mrs. Shaw (a North-County owner) and Miss Evelyn Taylor.

Ally Sloper's jockey was the famous amateur rider, Mr. J. R. Anthony, easily the best gentleman-jockey of the present day. Later in the afternoon, Rieu carried Lady Bath's colours in the Bridgeman Stakes, but he was easily beaten by Sir Ernest Cassel's Matter.

### RESULT "PUT IN" IN COURT.

The result of the Grand National was mentioned in Mr. Justice Darling's court in the King's Bench Division yesterday afternoon during the hearing of a case. The names of the first three were handed by a Press representative to an officer of the court, who passed the note on to the Judge.

"Did you hand this up?" Mr. Justice Darling asked counsel.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C.: No, my Lord. I have put in no document.

Mr. Justice Darling: Well, this was handed to me. You had better see it.

Counsel (looking at the result): It is a piece of paper with some writing on.

Judge: As it has been "put in" you had better read it.

Counsel: It says—"Grand National result: 1, Ally Sloper; 2, Jacobus; 3, Father Confessor. Twenty ran." (Laughter.)

"I regret to say," added counsel, "that it conveys no cheering message to me."

The court at the time was filled with racing people, the case then being heard relating to alleged breach of warranty in the sale of a racehorse.

### ARE COOKS INTEMPERATE?

Boarding-house Keeper Says They Are, but Widow Wins Her Case.

The "caterpillar in the soup" case ended yesterday with a verdict for the plaintiff, Mrs. Amy Hill, a widow, of East Finchley, and a cook, who sued her former employer, Miss Lucy Frost, manageress of a Littlehampton boarding-house, for slander.

The jury awarded Mrs. Hill a month's salary for wrongful dismissal and £20 damages for slander, and judgment was entered accordingly, with costs.

One of the complaints made against Mrs. Hill was that a caterpillar—described by the defendant as "a boiled insect"—was served up with the soup. Mrs. Hill's explanation was that the dishes came into contact with plants on the dining-room table. The slander complained of was a statement Miss Frost made: "You did not know what you were doing yesterday. If it is not drink it is drugs."

Miss Frost, recalled yesterday, was questioned as to her statement that the soup contained "a boiled insect." She said the fact that it was boiled showed that it had not fallen into the soup after the dish left the kitchen.

Miss Lucy Frost, proprietress of the boarding-house, said they had had trouble with their cooks. They had one who could not cook and another who could cook, but drank.

The Judge: All good cooks drink, you mean, and if they don't die they are no good cooks.

Counsel (to witness): Some good cooks don't drink, do they?

Witness: I think that they are few and far between. It is very difficult to find a good cook without her being an intemperate woman.

### "LIGHTS OF LONDON" IN THE SPRING.

The lights of London are made the subject of another order.

The City Police have issued a notice stating that the Home Secretary has made an order under the Defence of the Realm regulations which contains the following provisions:—

"On and after March 22 the provisions of the order made on December 9, 1914, as to lights in London, including paragraph 3 (as to the reduction of the intensity of shop fronts) shall apply as follows:—

From 7 p.m. till sunrise during the month of March, from 7.30 p.m. till sunrise during the month of April, from 8.30 p.m. till sunrise during the month of May, from 9 p.m. till sunrise during the month of June and until further order.

"This order shall not affect the time fixed for the carrying of a red rear light by vehicles by paragraph 10 of the order of December 9, 1914."



# VICTORIOUS RUSSIANS BECOME MASTERS OF THE GATES OF HUNGARY?

## Right Wing of Enemy Reported Turned by Tsar's Troops.

## THREE DAYS OF FIERCE FIGHTING.

## Austrians Said To Be Leaving Czernowitz and Fleeing to Hungary.

## FRENCH CHECK ALL GERMAN COUNTER-ATTACKS.

"The Russians are at the gates of Hungary." That, it is reported, is the result of the great battle that has been raging for three days in the Carpathians.

It is now known that the battle has definitely turned to the advantage of the Russians. They made themselves masters of the Uzok Pass, and therefore have the gates of Hungary ready at hand.

It is declared also that the enemy is evacuating Czernowitz, the capital of Bukovina, and is being pursued.

No official confirmation is to hand, but the latest Petrograd communiqué reported a decisive Russian success in the region of the Lupkow Pass, where an Austrian position was carried by assault and nearly 6,000 prisoners were taken.

It was officially stated yesterday in London that Sir John French's semi-weekly communiqué would not be issued as there is "nothing to report."

## GERMAN SUBMARINES ON PROWL IN BALTIC.

## Seaplanes and Flotilla with Scouting Vessels Showing Much Activity.

COPENHAGEN, March 26.—I have received information from Stockholm this morning that German warships are displaying extraordinary activity in the Baltic, where they have been for the past two months.

Several German seaplanes and submarines have been observed to the south of the Oeland island and another flotilla with a number of scouting vessels are reported to be cruising in the waters around Stora and Karölen.

The result has been that many of the ships in Finnish waters have been kept from sailing, for to leave port under present conditions probably means a sure journey to Swinemünde.—Exchange.

## LOSS OF 8,000 MEN.

PARIS, March 26.—Details published here throw further interesting light on the Russian victory in the regions of the Uzok and Lupkow passes.

The fiercest fighting was on Tuesday last, when the Austrians suffered important losses, while in attacks on the banks of the Biala the Russians were repulsed with a further loss of 8,000 men.

The Russian success extends over the whole of the Pruth line, where they have dislodged the Austrians from all their strategic positions.—Central News.

## RIGHT WING TURNED.

ROME, March 26 (delayed).—A dispatch from Bukarest to the *Gazzetta d'Italia* states that after three days' desperate fighting the Russians have gained a great victory at Uzok, turning the enemy's right wing.

The Austrians are evacuating Czernowitz, in the Bukovina, and are in flight to Hungary, pursued by superior Russian forces.—Central News.

## MASTERS OF THE GATES.

The Rome correspondent of the *Echo de Paris*, quoted by Reuter, states that, according to information from a semi-official source which has reached the Italian capital from Bukarest, the great battle which has been raging for three days in the Carpathians has definitely turned to the advantage of the Russians, making them masters of the Uzok Pass, and, consequently, of the Gates of Hungary.

## GERMAN ON "RETREAT."

PARIS, March 26.—The *Echo de Paris* today continues its interviews obtained by a neutral journalist with prominent German personalities. The interviews published to-day give the views of Herr Witting, a director of the Reichsbank, and Herr Zimmermann, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Herr Witting says: "We are certainly not making war as we did in 1870. We have met with serious difficulties, even suffered reverses, and our idea of finishing the war in a few

months was a mistake, but we are looking forward to events at an early date in the western theatre of war.

"On that side we count upon obtaining decisive advantages in a short time."

With regard to the economic situation, Herr Witting recognised that Germany would be forced to resort to a complete control over the distribution of food, but he said that everyone would submit to this and that a revolution was impossible.

"This war," continued Herr Witting, "is a war of exhaustion, but I do not think that it can end otherwise than in an honourable peace for Germany."

"We may be obliged to abandon the territory which we occupy at present, but we shall offer strong resistance on our own, and I consider it unlikely that the Allies will be able to penetrate far."—Reuter.

## ALL FOE'S ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, March 26.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—Yesterday, the 25th, was quiet on the greater part of the front. There was almost continuous rainfall.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle the enemy's attempts at attacking were repulsed with ease and immediately.

There were two attempts at the Bois de Consenoye and the Bois des Caures, north of Verdun, three at Eparges and two at Bois le Pretre.—Reuter.

## IS ITALY ABOUT TO STRIKE BLOW IN WAR?

## Many Signs That Rome Cabinet Is Preparing to Intervene Soon.

PARIS, March 26.—According to the *Petit Parisien*, the *Agence Nationale* at Rome announces that a courier dispatched by the Austrian Cabinet handed to Prince von Bulow a document containing the definite conditions which the Austrian Government were prepared to accept in regard to Italy's demands for territorial compensation.

Prince Bulow, however, refused to submit the document to the Italian Government.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, March 26.—The well-informed Paris correspondent of the *Telegraaf* wires under reserve that on Wednesday an influential Italian Nationalist deputy arrived in Paris and declared that the intervention of Italy was imminent.

The correspondent also states that the Paris representative of a great Italian newspaper was instructed to return immediately to Italy, "to make arrangements in connection with events which are in preparation."

The Dutch correspondent also saw a letter of the Italian Socialist deputy, who is an advocate of intervention, and who declared that he would no longer oppose Signor Salandra, the Premier, on account of his hesitating policy, as he had received formal assurances.

The correspondent learns, moreover, that the Italian telephone censor no longer allows communication with foreign countries.

The Rome correspondent of the *Telegraaf* wires that it is believed, in view of the military measures taken, that Italy will pass from negotiations to action.—Central News.

## AUSTRIANS MASSING.

ROME, March 26.—The Trieste correspondent of the *Messaggero* states that the Austrians continue to concentrate masses of troops, which they have brought from Galicia, on the Italian frontier.

Yesterday four regiments arrived at Isola, while 100,000 men are either already at Pozza or are on route for that fortress.—Central News.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH AGAIN ENTERS THE STRAITS.

## How French Sailors Cheered British Tars Who Dared Death to Save Comrades.

MALTA, March 25.—Sailors who have been involved here are very reticent regarding the operations in the Dardanelles.

They emphasise the fact, however, that had the Turkish fire been rather more accurate the damage to the warships and the consequent loss of life would have been very heavy.

One of the British ships engaging the principal batteries in the Narrows was under fire for several hours, shells falling thick and fast all round her.

The French sailors are full of praise for the great gallantry displayed by the crews of the British warships which stood by the Irresistible and Ocean in most trying circumstances.

After striking the mines the two ships remained afloat for some considerable time, and were subjected to a very heavy cross fire from the batteries of Chanak and Kild Bahr.

Headless of all danger, the British sailors set about the work of rescue with such energy and determination and daring coolness as excited the highest admiration of their French colleagues, who gave vent to their feelings in rousing cheers.

It is stated that the British admiral in command boarded the Irresistible to ascertain whether the vessel could be saved, and when finally the order was given to leave the ship the men left as if they were performing a usual peace-time evolution.—Reuter's Special.

## MINESWEEPERS AT WORK.

TENERIFE, March 24.—H.M.S. *Triumph*, which destroyed the forts at Smyrna, has joined the Allied fleets.

H.M. ships *Queen Elizabeth*, *Agamemnon*, and *Corwall* entered the straits last night to protect the mine-sweepers.

About ten a.m. Turkish artillery at Erenkeui fired five shells, and the forts at Kild Bahr also fired. The fleet replied with twenty rounds, to which the Turks did not reply.

From midnight until the morning the mine-sweepers continued their work without disturbance and with very satisfactory results.—Reuter.

## POLITE SEA-HIGHWAYMEN OF THE CHANNEL.

## U Boat Sinks Steamer and Tows Crew to Another Vessel.

The steamship *Delmira*, of Liverpool, was on Thursday sunk in the Channel by a German submarine.

After putting the crew in boats and torpedoing the *Delmira* the submarine towed her crew along until she was able to place them aboard another vessel, which brought them in to Portsmouth.

All the *Delmira*'s crew were saved, and they say that the Germans treated them quite considerably.

## DESTROYERS' HUNT.

The Wilson liner *Tycho*, which arrived at Hull on Thursday night from Bombay, reported that while she was waiting in the Downs for a pilot on Sunday last the German submarine U 5 came to the surface about 100 yards away from the vessel.

Some destroyers came upon the scene and kept a sharp look out for the submarine, but it was not seen again.

The Swedish steamers *Vera* and *Jeanne* have been ordered to proceed from Ardrossan to Glasgow. The Customs authorities have seized the rice cargoes as contraband of war.

## GERMANS DESPAIR OF THE TURKS.

## Army Said To Have Only Enough

## Ammunition for a Few Days.

## AUSTRIA SICK OF WAR.

The Turks, it seems, are making Constantinople "too hot" for their German dictators.

German officers who have returned from the Ottoman capital state that the Young Turks are against everybody, while there was great dissension among the Turks.

German banks, it is stated, have withdrawn their money from Turkey and sent it back to the Fatherland.

In Austria there is a growing feeling of depression and money has depreciated.

## TROOPS FOR AUSTRIA.

A distinguished personage who has just reached London after having travelled through Austria-Hungary, has accorded an interview to a representative of Reuter's Agency.

He declared that the most striking feature was the continual passage of trains full of Bavarian troops through Hungary especially.

## TO CARPATHIANS.

These trains were passing day and night, and the soldiers said that they had come from Munich and were going to the Carpathians.

There was an almost equally heavy traffic in the opposite direction of trains containing Austrian and German wounded.

He said the trains also contained large numbers of German officers coming from Constantinople and returning to Germany with their wives.

In conversation they said they might return later if it was possible to get safely to Constantinople.

The account they gave of the situation in the Turkish capital was most gloomy.

## EXTREMELY BAD.

The position, they said, was extremely bad. The Young Turks were against everybody, and there was widespread dissension among the Young Turks themselves.

Some of these officers candidly expressed themselves as disgusted that at a moment of such vital interest to Turkey there should be a complete absence of union.

They felt that there was no hope, and were themselves inclined to despair. They confirmed the official repeated reports that the German banks had withdrawn their money from Turkey and had sent it back to Germany.

It was also openly stated—and this was confirmed in other quarters—that the Turkish Army had only enough ammunition to last for a few days.

## SHORTAGE OF BREAD.

The traveller said that outwardly Vienna and Budapest did not appear to have changed.

Cafés were open as usual and the theatres were running, but many wounded were to be seen in the streets.

There was also evidence of a growing feeling of depression.

Austrian money has much depreciated, and on all sides people are expressing their dislike of a continuance of the war.

There is a shortage of bread, and in the dining-cars on the railway passengers are only permitted two small pieces of military bread, the chief ingredient of which is maize.

## DUTCH PROTEST TO HUNS.

THE HAGUE, March 26.—A meeting of the Cabinet was held at 1 p.m. to-day.

As Cabinet councils are almost invariably held at 5 p.m., it is believed that to-day's was a special meeting summoned to consider the questions arising out of the sinking of the Dutch steamship *Medea* by the Germans.

Conferences took place to-day between the Dutch Minister of Marine and the chief of the naval staff, and also between the Foreign Minister and the Minister of Marine.—Central News.

With regard to the aerial attack on the Dutch steamer *Zevenbergen*, the Netherlands Minister in Berlin has, says Reuter, conveyed to the German Government the objections of the Netherlands Government against the endangering of a Dutch ship and her crew. He has asked the German Government to open an inquiry into the matter.

## AGAINST CHILD LABOUR.

A resolution urging the Government to, in the interests of the future of our race, take vigorous measures to prevent the relaxation of the existing laws regarding child labour was passed yesterday at a meeting of the executive of the Joint Committee for the Abolition of Half-Time Labour.

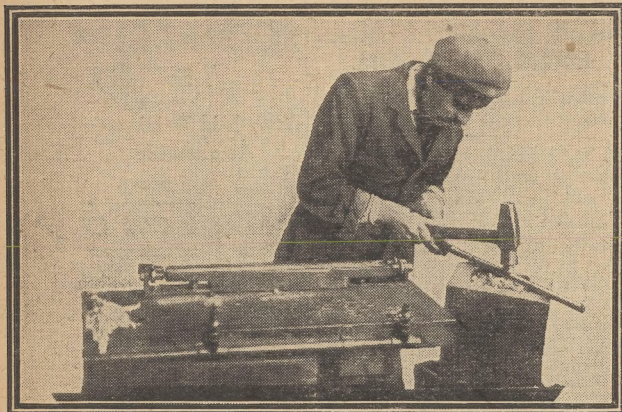
The committee states that, whilst admitting the absolute need for the provision of an adequate food supply, it refuses to believe that the scarcity of labour is so great that the exploitation of child labour is necessary.



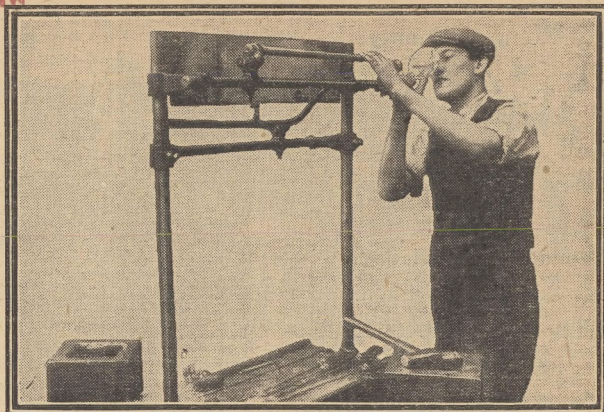
Ally Sloper, the winner of yesterday's Grand National at Aintree. The horse is the property of Lady Nelson.



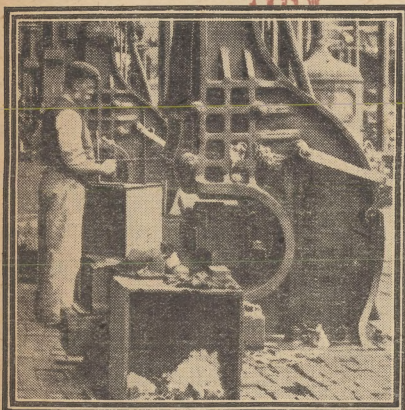
# "WE MUST HAVE MORE MUNITIONS": MAKING RIFLES FOR THE ARMY.



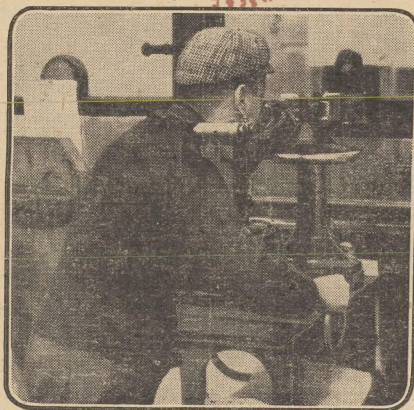
Straightening the barrel with a copper-shod hammer before boring is complete.



Testing the bore of a rifle barrel. A special machine is employed.



Stamping the breeches of the barrels with a hammer.



First shooting in a covered range.



Final test. Firing at a long-distance range.

The men in the armament factories may be described as "soldiers in overalls," for they are fighting for their country as much as the men in khaki. "We must have more and more and always more munitions," said Sir John French in a recent in-

terview. These pictures illustrate the making of rifles. They are first tested in the 100 yards covered range, the man firing with a machine. The final test takes place in the open air.

## BEFORE ENTERING A MOSQUE.

g. 6191



Putting slippers on for New Zealand soldiers before they enter a mosque at Cairo. Mohammedans take off their boots, but visitors are only required to wear these slippers.

## PRINCESS PAT AT THE ZOO.

g. 686



Three bear mascots which are being looked after by the Zoo authorities while their regiments are at the front. The centre bear is Princess Pat, the property of a Canadian regiment.



# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1915.

## EASTER CONSOLATION.

THERE WILL be no Easter excursions this year, and in consequence the turmoil known in newspapers as the Easter Exodus will be in some measure diminished. But the restlessness that comes even with the coldest spring will be amongst us in 1915, as in other less fateful years, and those who can afford it are even now planning a few days' change as usual. We doubt if it will be any easier to find rooms in the hotels or lodging-houses of Great Britain. Indeed, they are likely to be more crowded than ever. Nobody is going abroad. And always, in spite of the formidable drain upon human life just now—always there will be crowds everywhere.

Perhaps the most delusive thing in the world is this going away for a few days' change at Easter.

Look over the pacific past and see yourself seated by firesides in numberless inns trying to get warm at Easter. You came for other bucolic purposes. As you started you exclaimed:

About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

And you thought of the primroses also and added:

And there's the Lenten lily,  
That has not long to stay,  
And dies on Easter Day. . . .

Delightful! To think of the fresh air at last! You are now at the inn door.

There is a piercing East wind. The inn door doesn't shut very close, and the East wind penetrates the inn. Never mind; there is a gigantic fire in the inn parlour and another in the dining-room. They will be needed. And the bedroom? A fire will be wanted in the bedroom. A shilling a night extra. Never mind. It must be. And a hot-water bottle, too, please. . . . Everybody in the inn is coughing.

To-morrow the primrose, the blossoms, the lily.

You go to bed. How cold it can be in a hotel bedroom! Can it be quite so cold anywhere else? "Looks like snow, Sir," says the boots, as he cheerily wishes you good-night. You hope the primroses will not be all quite covered up in snow. Perhaps it would be worth while wiring to London for thicker things? You fall asleep.

Breakfast the next morning. How the snow snows! Perhaps it will cover up the primroses. Let us hurry out after breakfast in case they be covered up.

You hurry out. Bravely you face the sharp knife of the blast. It is a wind rarely to be avoided in the spring—a revengeful wind that seems in its shriek to say: "You came for an outing, did you? Then take this." And it screams and cuts like a knife.

How nice the inn parlour must look in this wind!

But then how much nicer must the fireside at home look in it!

Suppose we go home? Suppose—better still—that we don't go away at all for Easter. Suppose we wait till Whitsun or the end of the war? Suppose this year we spare ourselves the torture of Easter away from home?

These are our consolatory thoughts for the fact that there are no excursions this Easter. W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I myself am of opinion that dulness is responsible for a large amount of human error and misery. One danger of dulness, whether natural or acquired, is the danger of complacently lingering among stupid and conventional ideas and losing all the bright interchange of the larger world. The dull people are not as a rule simple people. They are generally provided with a narrow and self-sufficient code; they are often entirely self-satisfied, and are apt to disapprove of everything that is lively, romantic and vigorous. —E. Thorngroft Fowler.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### "NOT YET THE END."

"VICTORY!" cry some. That means that in one little bit of the fighting line we have advanced a few yards, lost hundreds of officers, and thousands of men. There we stop. No further advance is possible. If "victory" goes on like this, it will do us nearly as much harm as it does the enemy. Russell-square. E. T.

### THANKFUL.

TAKING the word help in its fullest possible sense, a wife is not any help to a man in the Army or Navy. She does not understand his

my friend nailed to her invalid's chair with paralysis. The window was wide open. On my suggesting that all the fog and damp came into the room, she answered: "Doctor's orders," and next day I received a long letter from her upon the value of fresh air.

A few days later I had the news that she had died from pneumonia after three days' illness! L. P. DE M.

SURELY, whatever plan we do actually adopt in this country as regards fresh air in our houses must be the wrong plan, because it is a fact plain to everybody that all of us perpetually have coughs and colds. My travels,

## WHAT HE EXPECTS AND WHAT HE WILL GET.



The Willies told the Turk that he and they, flushed with victory, were going to run the world together. It looks as though the Turk, on the look-out for the Willies, would receive a shower of bombs and bricks instead.—(EY MR. W. K. HASLEDEN.)

work, cannot appreciate his interests, and can only pesther him with silly questions. When I read the daily list of war brides I think that every man among us who is still a bachelor should offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for his merciful deliverance from the bonds of matrimony. THANKFUL.

### WINDOWS OPEN.

I WAS very much pleased to see that at last two or three have had the courage to protest in your delightful paper against the fresh air craze.

I have lived in France for over forty years, going often to England. The ban of my existence during my visits to my native land has been that I am obliged to endure the thoughtless cruelty and selfish unkindness of friends who compel me to sit in rooms with open windows and in railway carriages the same. I have caught so many colds in consequence that now I only visit England in the height of summer.

When I think on this matter an incident always comes to my mind—a call I made once on a friend living at West Hampstead.

It was one of the foggiest, dampest, darkest and wettest days that London ever saw. I found

I confess, take place usually in the summer, so I am not able to say whether coughs and colds are as ubiquitous in France or Germany as ordinary times as they are here. But I do not think it would be possible for them to be more common.

Surely, then, there may be something in the suggestion of your correspondents that our system of heating and of airing our rooms is not all that it should be in an age when that sort of thing is supposed to have been carried to perfection. S. M. E.

Hampstead.

### SONG.

Love that hath us in the net,  
Can he pass, and we forget?  
Many suns arise and set,  
Many a chance the years beget.  
Love the gift is Love the debt.  
Even so.

Love is hurt with far and fret,  
Love is made a vague regret.  
Eyes with idle tears are wet,  
Idle habit links us yet.

What is love? for we forget:  
Ah, no! no!

—TENNYSON.

## WAR AND CHILDREN.

### The Question of the Birth Rate and the Future of Britain.

#### OVER-POPULATION.

OVER-POPULATION keeps up war, just as the struggle for existence is kept up among plants and animals by their excessive reproduction. High birth rates cause poverty, poverty creates unrest, and unrest leads to strikes, riots or wars. Paradoxically enough, poverty nowadays means diminished national fitness for the war it provokes, so a low birth-rate makes both for peace and efficiency. Yet here are some people calling out for an increase of our not yet low enough birth-rate at the very moment when all the civilised nations might shortly be agreeing to abolish poverty and war by agreeing to increase slowly and comfortably for the future. The Germans in the last few years have been reducing their birth-rate amazingly fast, and the struggling millions in Russia would willingly do the same. Three children per family makes a sufficiently rapid increase of population, and even in Russia few couples really want more than three. Surely Europeans are now civilised enough to see and to remove the fundamental cause of poverty and war. B. M. A.

#### THE CHILDREN WE HAVE.

MAY I draw the attention of your readers to a point of contrast between the letters now constantly appearing on this subject and a notice in *The Daily Mirror* about the "Tragedy of Starving Home."

Had the father not been out of work in that case the family need not have been without food, and the mother need not have gone out to pawn her boots—leaving two children by a fire to burn. This is not a solitary case by any means.

Is it the culminating point in the tragedy that the victim was "only a girl"? Figure to yourself, as a French alien says, how easily it might have been "Johnnie, aged ten," and reflect on the sentimentalism of wishing to bring more human beings into existence than we can provide with food.

Parents are sometimes thrifless and lazy, but the child is not to blame for that, and we do not sufficiently protect such promising young lives as we already possess. There are many ways of giving help in such cases—namely, the schools for mothers now working in so many towns, with their dinners for expectant and often half-fed mothers; their day nurseries, where mothers obliged to go out to work may leave their children in safety; and their teaching on health subjects, which enables them to make the most of the material they have to deal with—body or clothing.

Much more might be done in this way, and there is no pauperising here—the mothers are helped to help themselves—but the experience of all who know about these agencies is the hard one of good work hampered from want of funds. In this town, out of four centres, only one has been able to run a nursery. A second is now being started, but what is that among so many!

Let us look after our children. Some day we may be able to afford more of them.

ONE WHO PREFERS QUALITY TO QUANTITY.  
Bournemouth.

### IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 26.—Mignonette is one of the most beautiful and popular of all hardy annuals, and should be found in every garden. During the next two or three weeks it may be sown. Let the position be an open and sunny one and the soil should be light and fairly rich. If a little mortar rubbish can be dug in the ground the resultant plants will be strong and healthy.

When the seedlings are large enough to handle thin them out to quite six inches apart and attend to watering during dry weather. Mignonette is generally sown far too thickly, the result being the plants have but a short flowering season. E. F. T.



## SOLDIER'S HONORARY DUTY.

P. 1494 A



An old soldier who warns drivers at Woodbridge Crossing, a dangerous spot in Suffolk where four roads meet. He has undertaken the duty of his own accord, and receives no payment.

## KING AND HERO

P. 1456



Private Thomas Duxbury, of Blackburn, who is to be personally decorated by the King for exceptional gallantry. He is only twenty years of age.



Photograph found on the body of an unknown British soldier after the battle of Mons. On the back is written "With love from Cassie to Robert."

## HISTORICAL PICTURE

P. 39



Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, R.A., engaged on the striking titled "The Flight of the Five Members," and shows the boat across the Thames. The members in

## DIAMOND WEDDING.

P. 14153



Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Southwell (Notts), who celebrated their diamond wedding yesterday. Mr. Thompson has spent his life as an engine-driver on the Midland Railway.

## A NEW RECORDER.

P. 4286



Mr. Heber L. Hart, K.C., who has been appointed Recorder of Ipswich in place of Sir F. Low. He is a prominent Liberal, but has failed to get into Parliament. —(Russell.)

## THE OLD SERGEANT-MAJOR AND THE COLOURS HE CARRIED.

P. 5694 2



Before leaving for the front the 1st Border Regiment left their colours in charge of the Dean of Carlisle. The picture shows their arrival at the cathedral. The verger, who is seen standing next one of the bearers, was a sergeant-major in the regiment, and carried these colours in India.

## TO BE M



Miss Catherine L. H. A. Holbeck, month. The br Leigh and Lady Bishop of South



BISHOP IN KHAKI.

P. 431



Bishop of London (wearing uniform) leaves London for the front, to spend Easter with the soldiers in trenches. He is chatting with the Archdeacon of London, who came to Victoria to see him off.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SPEAKER'S SON

P. 5234 D



Lieutenant C. W. Lowther, the Speaker's son, who claimed relief on a money-lender's transaction on the ground that it was harsh and unconscionable.

P. 479



Prince Zia-ed-din Effendi, son of the Sultan Mohammed V., who is considered the finest shot in Turkey. He is an army officer.

RELICS OF FALLEN HEROES.

P. 3153



Mr. Page Gaston, an American, cataloguing the relics belonging to fallen British soldiers which he collected on the battlefields of Belgium. They are to be returned to relatives, to whom they will be of priceless value.

SOON.

THREE CLEVER CHILDREN ACT IN "THE WOMAN PAYS."

P. 12655



There is one priceless piece of fun in the revue at the Ambassadors Theatre. It is a mock melodrama called "The Woman Pays," and is acted by three clever children. Master William Wheeler is the newsboy, Miss Moya Nugent the superior Eton boy and Miss Joan Carroll the heroine, Myrtle.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

IRISH ENGAGEMENT.

P. 17153



Miss Arma Jessie Pollock, of Mountinstown, Co. Meath, whose engagement to Captain David Ker, of the North Irish Horse, has just been announced.—(Bassano.)

COMING WEDDING.

P. 17156



Miss Mildred Urwick, who is to be married next month to Lieutenant Alan F. C. Pollard (Royal Scots Fusiliers), son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel B. H. Pollard.—(Bassano.)

P. 17153  
Mr. Ronald married next daughter of Sir niece of the E. Strange.)





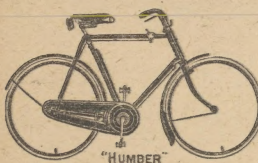
"Popular" Model £6 6 0

Best weldless steel frame, front and back rim brakes, Brooks' B19 saddle, Warwick tyres, tool bag and tools. Beautifully plated and enamelled black, with coloured lines.



"Standard" Model £8 0 0

Best weldless steel frame, two-rim brakes, detachable gear case, Dunlop tyres, Brooks' B75 saddle, Humber bag and tools. Beautifully plated and enamelled black, lined.



"Beeston" Model £15 12 6

As supplied to H.M. King George V. Best weldless steel frame, two-rim brakes, Dunlop tyres, Humber 'slip-on' detachable gear case with oil bath, Sturmer-Archer 3-speed gear, Brooks' B32 saddle. Beautifully plated and enamelled black, relieved with gold lines.

# Humber

## CYCLES ARE ENTIRELY BRITISH

Strength and lightness, reliability and durability are combined with scientific design and beautiful finish. Catalogue containing useful hints on the adjustment and care of cycles sent on application.

The prices quoted are now subject to a surcharge of 5 per cent. owing to increased cost of material and labour.

Payment for any Humber Cycle may be made in 15 equal monthly sums—no deposit.

**HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY.**

LONDON, 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1; 60-64, Brom-

ton Road, S.W.

SOUTHAMPTON, 25 and 27, London Road.

Agents Everywhere.



## The Lyons' Share

IS  
ONE CUP OF TEA IN EVERY  
FOUR CONSUMED IN LONDON.

## Five Million Packets

SOLD EVERY WEEK BY

## 160,000 Shopkeepers

## The Best that Money can Buy

# Lyons' Tea

It is good to have BIRD'S Custard—good to have it at any time, but never is it so delicious as when Rhubarb comes in.

BIRD'S Custard seems just made to go with Rhubarb and form one of those delightful health-giving dishes which come and go with the seasons.

The health is in the Rhubarb, the nutriment is derived from the Custard; therefore no wise mother accepts a substitute for

## Bird's

the Nutritious—  
**Custard.**

Run no risks! The Children's welfare is assured by the purity and nutriment of BIRD'S.

In Pints, 2 for 1s. 6d. Boxes, 4d. & 7 1/2d. and large Tins.



"Bournville  
(Regd. Trade Mark)  
Cocoa  
is made by  
"Cadbury's"  
(Regd. Trade Mark)  
"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCTS."  
The Medical Magazine.

Cadbury's  
Mexican Chocolate  
is the best plain Chocolate

## Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 14 pints of Rich Nourishing Soup. Enough for 4 persons. So easy to make—simply add water—so good—so cheap, it can be served with every meal.

## A Week's Supply for 1/-

0x Tail, Tomato, Mock Turtle, Lentil, Mulligatawny, Green Pea  
A different soup each day for a week for 1/-. Try them and reduce your meat bill, get more nourishment and increase the enjoyment of your meal. Obtain of your Grocer, or send 1/- Postal Order for the six kinds (post free) to Foster Clark, Ltd. (Dept. 10), Maidstone.

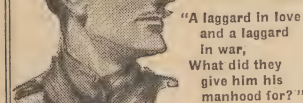
## 2<sup>D</sup>. SOUP SQUARES



# RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON**, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

**SONIA MARKHAM**, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

**LADY MERRIAM**, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

**FRANCIS MONTAGUE**, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

**RICHARD CHATTERTON** is doing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague. Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go to the front? He is shaken by a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes are shining with the curious new of the war. The shy happiness with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a little scene between them.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting he overhears a message on the telephone from Sonia to Montague. She tells him that she is finished with Chatterton, and that she will marry him.

Richard is staggered, but when he goes to Sonia sick at heart and realising what he is losing, Sonia, believing Montague's story, tells him about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. He is light, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he has put in for active service and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Individually old Jardine lets out to Richard that Richard has enlisted. A week or two later Sonia sees a pretty nurse and a man all muffled up in a taxicab. The man turns his head and looks at her—it is Richard Chatterton.

Sonia pretends to take no notice, but she is very much upset. Old Jardine finds Chatterton in a private hospital. He says he was wounded straight away in the trenches, but not badly. He is going out again as soon as possible.

Montague also sees Chatterton with the pretty nurse walking in the park, and he at once tells Sonia sneeringly. More hurt than she will admit, she tells Montague that she will marry him when ever he likes.

At a dinner-party Montague deliberately lies about Chatterton and says he is only molly-coddling a cold. "That's a lie," says young Courtney—a friend of Chatterton's—fiercely. "Chatterton was invalided home from the front, and you know it."

A scene follows, and though Sonia is outwardly calm she begins to realise the truth. The next day, when she is walking alone, trying to piece things together, she nearly runs into Chatterton getting off an omnibus.

## TORTURING DOUBTS.

AND so the thing she had most dreaded had come to pass, and she was face to face once more with Richard Chatterton!

He saw her, and he broke out jaggedly in something he was saying to the girl at his side, and for a moment stared at Sonia with blank eyes.

Then a wave of colour crept up into his face, which receded as quickly as it had come, leaving him deadly pale; his hand went mechanically to the salute.

It all happened so quickly, then Sonia found herself blindly obeying the harsh voice of the conductor. . . . there—hurry up, please. . . .

She stepped on to the motor-bus and the next minute she was whirled away.

She dared not look back; the blood was drumming in her ears; she had known that she had meant to go on the top of the bus. The inside was crowded and she stood there, mechanically holding to a strap till a lad from the corner seat rose and asked her to take his place.

She sat down with a heavy heart, a feeling of weakness; for the moment she felt stunned and dead; then pain woke again in her heart; she began to be conscious of a chance that had gone for ever; she realised now that there had been an appeal in Richard's eyes—an appeal that had waited for some overture from herself. She rose to her feet—she would go back—she would speak to him. . . . she must—she must!

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

The memory of that vivid dream was back upon her; supposing it came true and she never saw him again. . . .

With a violent effort she controlled herself; the bus was grinding its way up the Haymarket; she would never find Richard even were she to go back, he would have gone long ago, mingled with the thousands of other khaki-clad figures in the London streets.

For the moment she forgot that he had not been alone; she remembered the fact now with a sudden pang.

This was the second time she had seen him without that other person.

Was he always with her? It seemed like it. She winced, remembering how many, many times Richard had excused himself from spending his time with her in the days of their engagement; apparently he needed no second invitation to accompany this nurse, whoever she was, in her walks.

The conductor came for the fare; she gave him a shilling.

"Where to, miss?"

She answered vaguely:

"Anywhere—I don't know—a twopenny fare."

He looked at her curiously; he wondered if she had a new idea. He counted the change carefully into her outstretched hand and told her how far she could go for the fare.

She thanked him absently; she hardly heard what he said; her whole being seemed straining back to where she had left Richard Chatterton standing.

He had looked so splendid in his uniform! In that one brief glance every detail of his face and person had been stamped afresh on her heart.

He had tried for so long to resolutely shut him out.

He had tanned a little. He was thinner; he wore his hair much shorter. . . . she recounted these little details to herself, almost as if she had never known him.

She thanked him absently; she hardly heard what he said; her whole being seemed straining back to where she had left Richard Chatterton standing.

She sat with her hands tightly clasped in her lap, waiting there anything that hurt more in all the world than memories! she asked herself dreadingly. They came crowding back upon her now so thickly, allowing her no time to breathe.

Richard—Richard—Richard! A thousand and one little pictures of their brief engagement passed before her eyes. The first time he had kissed her—and the last. . . . the day they had gone together to choose her engagement ring; the few days when she had been really happy before the war broke out—before that indefinite feeling that a crumpled rose-leaf lay somewhere in her path of happiness.

Had she been to blame? Was it partly her own fault? Richard must have spoken to Richard, he had told him definitely what it was she had wished him to do?

"But I couldn't—I couldn't," she told herself in anguish. "It was impossible to tell him his mind; he wouldn't listen. . . . I wanted. . . ."

But it left a new doubt. She had never before blamed herself for their parting; but to-day something in the way Richard had looked at her in that moment—something in the way his face had whitened. . . . she moved restlessly in her seat. . . .

Oh, if one could only go back! If one could only have things over again, not at all! But that was impossible. . . .

Richard walked with the pretty nurse, and when he engaged to Montague.

The conductor came to the door and spoke to her. . . . going on, Miss? . . .

"Yes—no. . . ." She got down hastily, and stood for a moment irresolute.

If she had only spoken to him—if she had only just said one word to him. . . . She could think of nothing else.

Supposing he never came back; supposing she never saw him again. . . . was quenched by the memory of the pretty face at his side. . . .

Why should she lash herself to pain and remorse? He cared nothing for her; he had forgotten her; already he had turned elsewhere for amusement. . . . quickly. Pain, like a live thing, seemed to stalk sullenly beside her.

She turned into a shop and ordered some tea. Her head was aching badly. It was a relief to get away from the noise of the streets. But she was not left long in peace; a strong band at the far end of the room struck up the song that all London was whistling. . . .

It's a long way to Tipperary. . . . a long way to go. . . .

Sonia knew the words. They ran through her head in the music.

Silly, sentimental words! and yet there was something in their doggerel pathos with which her heart seemed in sympathy.

She felt the tears smarting to her eyes; hundreds of brave fellows who had marched out of London to this same tune, with smiling faces and hearts that beat high with hope, would have come back again; hundreds of them had found lonely graves in a strange land. . . .

Supposing some day she heard that Richard was one of them! Supposing one day she heard that he had been killed, or that he had died of one of the many cruel diseases that had already stricken so many. . . .

She tried not to think of it; she tried to hold before her eyes the fact that he was nothing to her; that the past was dead—wiped out and done with; that she was soon to be the wife of another man. . . . The memory of Montague steadied her; she remembered, too, that she and

Lady Merriam were going back to Burvale that night; she rose with a sort of panic, paid for her tea and took a taxi back to the hotel. She realised that she had been out three hours; it seemed incredible. What would Lady Merriam be thinking? Sonia went to her at once.

## WHAT SONIA HEARD.

BUT Lady Merriam did not seem seriously disturbed; she was reading a French novel. Sonia stood in the doorway.

"Aren't you ready? I thought we were going back to Burvale this evening. . . . I—I quite forgot; I'm sorry."

"Oh, you needn't apologise, my dear; as you were so late I sent a wire to tell them we were not coming. We can go just as well on Monday, and it's very comfortable here. Where have you been?"

"I went in an omnibus," said Sonia vaguely.

She could not believe that three hours had really elapsed since she left the hotel; she hardly knew if she were glad or sorry that Lady Merriam had taken the law into her own hands and decided to stay; she sat down, drawing off her gloves. . . .

"I've got such a dreadful headache," she spoke almost chattering; she had a longing for someone to "mother" her; Lady Merriam laid down her book.

"Why not go and lie down till dinner time? There's some sal volatile in my room. . . ."

"Francis said he would be here at seven—he was to go to Euston with us."

"Well, he must wait; you'll be seeing enough of each other soon. . . . By the way, Sonia, what would you like me to wear at your wedding? I shall have to have something new; I thought grey would be nice; it's a little enlarging, I know, but it's a shade I am very fond of. . . . grey tulle and a shower bouquet of Parma violets would be excellent taste."

"I don't mind what you wear; what does it matter?"

"A great deal, I should think; we may as well look as nice as we can, even though it's to be so quiet. . . ."

Sonia walked out of the room.

Her head was aching violently; she put on a loose gown and lay down in the darkness.

She closed her eyes, but she could not shut out the memory of Chatterton's eyes as they had looked during that brief moment when they met hers.

If she never saw him again, that was how she would remember him all her life; if she never saw him again, she would carry that memory of him with her to the grave; that half-sad, half-pleading look that seemed to be waiting for her to speak.

She wondered if his arm had hurt him very much, and how it had happened. Somehow, since she had seen Chatterton in khaki, her whole outlook of the war had changed.

The fact that Richard was one of the fighting men had invested it with a new terror; a new terror that somehow eclipsed the glory.

Once—was it only yesterday?—she would have said that it was a glorious thing to die for one's country; but now the very thought of it made her shake.

She had practically called Chatterton a coward; she had told him he was not worth quarrelling with; she had been glad to be free of him; and yet it turned her cold to think of him out there, "somewhere in France," fighting for his life—perhaps badly wounded—lying alone under a dark sky, with no one to help him, no one to care.

She had listened calmly enough during all these months to accounts of what others had suffered and gone through; not exactly calmly, perhaps, for she had thrilled with pride at their heroism, and grieved for their suffering; but she had never felt as she did now, as she lay with fast-shut eyes in the darkness, tortured with imaginary horrors that awaited Chatterton.

He was still safe and well in London, but the very thought of the future seemed to stop her heart.

She rose from the bed and fetched the sal volatile of which Lady Merriam had spoken; she took a dose and fell asleep; but even her sleep was broken by troubled dreams in which she was always trying to get to Richard—trying to get to him to help him against some unseen foe; always herself held back by relentless hands of iron.

She woke with the tears wet on her face and his name on her lips. . . .

It was nearly seven o'clock; she had only slept half an hour—but it seemed like the longest night.

She got up and bathed her face, and went across to Lady Merriam's room; but she was not there. Mr. Jardine had just come, so she said, and her ladyship had gone down to the dining-room to speak to him; it was something urgent.

Sonia went down the long corridor to the sitting-room; she was wearing velvet slippers, and her hair made no sound over the thick carpet. . . . the door was standing partly open, and through it she could see old Jardine's portly figure and Lady Merriam, ready dressed for dinner.

They were both talking eagerly; her ladyship's voice reached the girl clearly as she stood outside the door hesitating to go forward.

"It won't do the least good; we've done our

(Continued on page 15.)



Our Portrait is of Miss Ruth C. Hart, of 129, Pedro Street, Clapton Park, N.E., who writes:—

"It is with great pleasure that I am writing to tell you how I have been cured by your marvellous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I was suffering from

## Abscesses in the Glands

under my left arm, having eight or nine in succession, and was in such agony I did not know what to do. I was under a doctor for many weeks, but did not derive much benefit. Being a domestic, I found it a great burden to do my duties. Then I was recommended to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' by a friend who had been completely cured of Rheumatism by it, so decided to try one of your small bottles, and it gave me such relief it was really marvellous. Having finished it, I bought an 11s. case, which completely cured me. It is now 12 months since I took your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' which did not fail, and have recommended it to many friends, as I think it a great boon."

## Do You Suffer

from any such disease as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Piles, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, &c?

If so, don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to effect a lasting cure.

# CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

By reason of its Remarkable Blood Purifying Properties is universally recognised as

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from any thing injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

Sold by all chemists and stores, 2/9 per bottle (six times the quantity, 11/-).

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## Another Nelson Victory.

Lady Nelson's horse that came first past the post in yesterday's Grand National gives us another "coincidence." There is something about the Nelson touch—in anything that gets there first. I expect bearded Von Tirpitz knows that, too.



Mr. Aubrey Hastings.

Lady Nelson may well be proud to-day, for it has never before been the lot of a woman to carry off a Grand National. And her trainer, the Hon. Aubrey Hastings, may be proud, too. Grand Nationals, by the way, might be called his "long suit," for he trained and rode a winner—Ascetic's Silver—a few years ago.

## Named After Robin Hood.

Mr. Hastings is Lord Huntingdon's brother, and a famous polo player. He married Miss Winifred Forsyth Forrest in 1907. Mr. Hastings, by the way, includes among his five Christian names those of Robin Hood, was, according to tradition—if not to genealogists—was an ancestor of his.

## Told of a Grand National.

Yesterday's classic race has reminded a Liverpool correspondent of an amusing Grand National story, coupled with the name of an eminent clergyman, who was delivering a course of sermons in a small manufacturing town in the north some twenty years back. One of his admirers, discussing him with a friend, described the clergyman as a real sportsman. Whereupon the friend observed: "Wonder if he will give us the winner of the National?"

## Crowded Congregation.

This remark was overheard, and the rumour quickly spread—since a tale never loses in the telling—that on the night before the race the reverend gentleman would name the winner in the course of his sermon. The result was that the church was crowded.

## They Took the Tip.

Although he was entirely ignorant of the current report, the peroration of his discourse, curiously enough, began: "Why not make an attempt to improve your lives?" followed by a string of "Why not's." A smile of comprehension rippled over the faces of his hearers. At the end of the service they flocked out beaming. Every member of that congregation backed Why Not heavily. And Why Not won.

## Send a "Sunday Pictorial" to the Front.

When you order your number of the *Sunday Pictorial* to-day (if you haven't already done so) order a second copy to send to a friend or a relation at the front. The boys will appreciate it there, as this letter which the editor showed me yesterday will prove.

## "The Nerve Curer."

It comes from a "Tommy" in the Northampton, and he says: "I think I was the first to receive a copy of the *Sunday Pictorial* out here. I like it better than any other paper, for it has so much reading and so many pictures in it. . . . We got so interested in reading it that we took no notice of shells flying about. The boys call the paper the 'Nerve Curer.'"

## Pages of Pictures and News.

I am afraid Mr. Atkins, of the Northampton, is guilty of pleasant exaggeration in the shells part of his letter, but he is right when he says that the full measure of reading matter and the pages of pictures are the things that attract. The *Sunday Pictorial* is crammed with good features and fascinating special articles. There is going to be a bigger rush than ever for No. 3 on Sunday.

## Letters That Return.

"It has not been possible to reach the addressee in useful time." That is the sad little phrase that is printed across letters returned from the front by the French authorities because the soldiers to whom they are addressed have been killed. I saw one such letter yesterday. The phrase strikes me as being a little less blunt than our own form, "Killed in action."

## A Memory of Tuileries Days.

Here is a tragic little story of the war sent me by my Paris Gossip. Years ago, on an autumn evening, the Empress Eugénie was charmed by the music of a wonderful harpist who came to the Tuileries and struck divine chords from his instrument. He was then aged twenty-two, and a brilliant future seemed before him. But misfortune dogged his footsteps, and latterly he was reduced to playing in the poorer quarters of Paris for the few sous which rewarded his talent at street corners. He was known as the "Père Gaspard."

## Not for the Boches.

A few weeks ago he found himself in a town in the north of France when the Germans entered and took possession. Two days later it was announced that the Kaiser would arrive next day. When they broke into the miserable garret occupied by the veteran harpist they found him dead. The strings of his harp were cut, and by his side was a sheet of paper with these words: "I played before the Empress of the French. I will not play before the Emperor of the Boches!"

## Lady Kinnoull—Shop Assistant.

Lady Kinnoull, I read, has been acting shopgirl for the day, and has been roping in the shakels in a Perth chemist's shop for the benefit of our wounded soldiers. And I can quite imagine that Lady Kinnoull thoroughly enjoyed her day.

## Friends in Hoxton.

For she has always been ready to work hard for her poorer brothers and sisters. I remember—ten years ago now—seeing her drive through the streets of darkest Hoxton to open



Lady Kinnoull.

a day nursery there. She had organised the whole thing, and she talked to Hoxton mothers about her splendid scheme as if she had lived and suffered in Hoxton all her life.

## The Haymarket Matinee.

It was a merry military afternoon's show at the Haymarket yesterday. I say afternoon, but the fun was still going on when I left, and that was drawing very near to evening.

## Martial Art.

The matinee was in aid of the funds of the United Arts Volunteer Rifles, and so naturally enough martial art was much to the fore. Major Cassilis, the commander of the 1st Battalion, made a most direct appeal to every Englishman to be ready to give each German as much of England as he deserved—six feet to lie in.

## Lots of Good Things.

I haven't the space to tell you one tithe of the good things on the programme or to mention the interesting people who were there. But I liked Mr. Harry Dearth's song, "I'm the Sergeant." He ought to be asked to join the recruiting staff just to sing his song.

## Canada's Keenness.

Stories are legion of men who have travelled many thousands of miles in the past few months in order to join the colours, but I think I must have found the record in a newspaper cutting a Canadian reader has sent me.

## A 700-Mile Walk.

A youth named Stewart was employed at a Hudson's Bay Company's post on the Mackenzie River, 730 miles north of the nearest railway station. He determined to join the colours, and, giving up a good position, he made the journey alone, despite the rigours of a Canadian winter.

## All Good Russians Now.

One of the most extraordinary features of this war is the way in which it has smothered the Russian revolutionary. Russia has forgotten its intense political differences in the



Prince Kropotkin.

face of a common foe. Prince Kropotkin, who has been living in this country for many years, was reckoned one of the most advanced of revolutionaries, but he, I hear, is as good a Russian as any subject of the Tsar to-day.

## Prince Kropotkin.

Prince Kropotkin is seriously ill at Brighton, and his friends are very anxious about him, for he is over seventy. He made one of the most remarkable escapes from prison of recent times, and his book, "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," which was published some fifteen years ago, was one of the literary sensations of the year. It was translated into eight languages.

## The Point of View Again.

I heard the Prince put the case against the modern principles of imprisonment particularly clearly at a meeting of the British Medical Association two years ago. Bread and water and a plank bed might be a deterrent to people used to good food and comfort, he said, but to those who slept under bridges, and often were on the verge of starvation, it was more of an attraction. And there is a lot of truth in that.

## In Other Times.

In other times the Isle of Wight would be filling up now with its annual influx of spring visitors from Germany. Why the German was so much devoted to the island is a question that has yet to be satisfactorily explained.

## Cheap Trips.

Of course, the islander will tell you it is the incomparable charm of his home; the German would explain it was pretty and cheap—he could travel to Southampton by the big Atlantic liners for a very small sum, and Southampton is only a mile or so away from the island.

## Sentiment Counts, but—

But there are other reasons. The German is essentially sentimental, and the Isle of Wight was beloved of Teutonic princes and princelings for honeymooning. Therefore it was the Mecca of all good Germans. But don't forget the Isle of Wight is opposite Portsmouth, and, though I do not suffer from spy mania, I cannot forget that frequent steamboat excursions to and from the island and Portsmouth Harbour could quite innocently produce much useful information to the naval officer.

## Prince Eitel.

Ventnor the German loved more than any other place; he (and his bride) used to pervade the place and its pretty, quiet surroundings. Prince Eitel Fritz was there four years ago, and I remember overhearing a very homely little German governess explaining in tones of rapture how on a steamer trip to the Needles a clumsy man trod on her toe.

## Happy, Most Happy.

She turned to apologise angrily, he turned to apologise, and—it was "His Royal Highness." The dear old lady nearly fainted. But no woman was more pleased in this or any other world. The foot of the son of the All Highest had trodden upon her toes!

## Pro-English "Pirate."

I never met Captain Weddigen, who is said to have been in charge of the U 29, but, curiously enough, heard about him when I was in Serbia three years ago. He was a great friend of Captain Persius, the German naval expert, who was acting as war correspondent for the *Berlin Tageblatt*. Persius told me that Weddigen was a coming man, but too pro-English.

## Liked the Isle of Wight.

Of half Danish descent, Weddigen belonged to a rather dashing group of Kiel officers, all of whom affected English ways and manners. One of their habits was to spend their summer holidays in England, generally the Isle of Wight, and play tennis all day.

THE RAMBLER.

## AN ORIGINAL DRAWING And Unsolicited Testimonial Direct from "The Front."



By an Idle Man with a Wee Bit o' Pencil.

March 12th, '15.

Messrs. Moir.—During the War I have had many a sample of Jam and Marmalade by different makers, but the greatest treat was a tin of

## Moir's Marmalade.

Obviously, I am not an artist, but I am a bit of an epicure, and I can safely say that I secured my greatest capture of the war.

You may call this an unsolicited testimonial, nevertheless it is one of appreciation from

Sincerely Yours, Sapper J. BROWN.

Messrs. JOHN MOIR & SON, Ltd.  
9 & 10, Gt. Tower St., London, E.C.

Remember  
this when  
Spring Cleaning.

**RONUK**  
imparts a  
brilliant  
Polish to  
Furniture,  
Floors,  
Linoleum.

## Wash-day Ended! Worries—

No more hard work, and the washing done in less than one quarter the usual time. The old "rub and scrub" method is superseded by—

**BRADFORD'S  
"VOWEL"  
WASHER**

No internal mechanism. Easy in operation, and will last a lifetime. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL BEFORE PURCHASE.

Washing Machines from 35s. Carriage  
Mangling Machines 35s. Free.  
Wringing Machines from 25s. Special Discount.

BUTTER CHURNS, BUTTERWYRRERS,  
LABOUR-SAVING for the HOUSE.  
"Everything for the House and Dairy."

Write for Illustrated Catalogue (No. 358 A).  
THOS. BRADFORD & Co., Manufacturers,  
141-142, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.  
120, Bold St., Liverpool; 4, Duncannon, Manchester



## 'BLENDO' TEA SAVER

MAKES 1 lb. OF TEA  
GO AS FAR AS 3 lbs.

Tiny Tablet dropped in your teapot brings out the full flavour and makes three times the usual quantity.

You can hardly believe that you are spending on Tea three times as much as necessary. It is a fact, however, that the remarkable invention "Blend" will make your usual supply last three weeks or more. You go on using your favourite blend of tea; you go on making it as you have been used to do. The only difference is that where you have been in the habit of putting three unsavoury into the pot you now put only one, yet you get exactly as much of the beverage of precisely the same strength and flavour as if you had used three and no one can possibly detect any difference simply because there is none.

### THE SECRET

of this great economy is that when making your tea you drop into the pot a "Blend" Tablet. The effect is wonderful. "Blend" consists of the leaves to yield up every particle of the tea that is agreeable and wholesome to drink, and at the same time it contains the tannin into an indissoluble substance, locking it up in the leaves. That is why you obtain the purest flavour of the tea. "Blend" is sold in 1 lb. boxes of a spoonful of tea gives you three times as much good tea to drink as you obtained in the old-fashioned way. "Blend" is sold in 1 lb. boxes of 100 Tablets—sufficient to make 2 lb. of tea go as far as 6 lb. Send to-day £2.0.0. and 1d. stamp for postage. Three boxes for 2s. 6d.

THE BLEND CO., 46, BERNICK ST., LONDON, W.

## THE SECRET OF CURING HARRY FACES.

Safe, Certain and Pleasant Treatment that Removes Hair Permanently Sent to Every Reader

FREE.

THE "DUVENETTE" METHOD of removing Superfluous Hair is delicate and simple, and so entirely different from the messy and burning processes hitherto employed, that ladies are strongly advised to grasp this opportunity of permanently ridding themselves of the trouble of Harry Growth. To feel oneself free for ever from the affliction of Harry in the Face is worth much, but when, in addition to this blessing, it is realised that "Duvenette" is an absolute improvement in the skin and complexion, removing various spots and blemishes, my patrons are at a loss for suitable means to express their gratification and pleasure. "Duvenette" is guaranteed to cure you in the same speedy and satisfactory manner as it has cured thousands of other ladies, and after using it the hairs can never grow again, for the roots are completely destroyed.



Enclose stamps 3d. to pay for postage and packing, and the large free supply will once be sent in plain wrapper. A. B. D. DUVENETTE, 142, Wardour-st., London, W.

## IT'S A MOTHER'S DUTY

to safeguard her health. If you suffer from any abdominal complaint send now for my FULLY ILLUSTRATED, Free Booklet. It contains priceless information on women's internal complaints, and also explains, with the aid of illustrations, how to cure all kinds of Displacement, Internal Weakness, etc., can be cured without operations or internal instruments. The latter cause cancer and tumours, and should be avoided at all costs. Send to-day to Mrs. A. E. KATEL, Dept. E34, Belgrave, Finchbury Park, London, N.



Established 25 years.

## HAIR REMOVERS

If you suffer from Ulcerated Legs use the remedy that has maintained a reputation for over a hundred years by its wonderful healing properties alone. One application will be sufficient to prove its value to you.

## HARDCASTLE'S BALM OF GLEAM.

A Sovereign Balm for every Wound. FOR CUTS, PILES, BRUISES, BURNS AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. Quickly Heals Bad Legs.

Please forward 2/6 box your Balm of Gleam by return. I have suffered from a bad leg for several years, and tried many treatments without success, but have derived great benefit from a small box of your ointment which was recommended by a friend.

### SAMPLE BOX.

To enable you to try this wonderful Balm, the Proprietor will send you a sample box, post free on receipt of stamps value 7d. Write to-day to W. HARDCASTLE & SONS, The Laboratories, SEWTON-ON-TYNE.

Sold by Boots, Taylors, and all 2/9 Chemists & Grocers. If you cannot obtain, write direct to the Proprietors.

## THE MYSTERIOUS INDIAN LUCKY STONE.

This wonderful Lucky Stone from Ceylon, said to contain great magnetic and luck bringing power, and which has brought good fortune and happiness to thousands, is at present being eagerly sought after. Richard S. Field, the discoverer of these beautiful lucky gems, has been overwhelmed with testimonials from people who possess them, and has decided to give away a limited number. Those who wish to change their luck should write at once, enclosing stamp for booklet about his adventures in India, discovery of the "Lucky Stone," and how it brought him wealth and fame, together with particulars of his free offer. Address: Richard S. Field, Dept. C58, Ludgate-hill, London. (Ad.)

## "CROPPED" HAIR FOR SMART WOMEN.

Return of a Trying but Very Distinguished Fashion in Paris.

PARIS, March 28.

My Dear Friend,—Can it be possible that short, or "cropped" hair is coming into fashion?

I see signs of this change in more directions than one. In New York, for example, *tout le monde* has gone crazy over the "Vernon Castle crop," which represents thick hair cut short all round, just over the ears; and here in Paris many smart women are having their hair cut "à la Eve Lavalliere," which is very much the same thing as the "Castle crop."

Years ago, twenty or twenty-five, I fancy, it was the fashion for girls to have their hair cut quite short and curled all over the head. It was, I am sure, an attractive style for those who possessed small, well-shaped heads, but it seems a pity that such a remarkable fashion should come into favour again.

One cannot grow one's hair in a day, and cropped heads made serious demands on the inventive powers of the milliner. This is especially true of hair cut short at the ears.

### TIED ON TOP.

But whether the hair be long or short, one thing is certain, and it is this: foreheads are becoming extraordinarily fashionable. The Parisiennes do not hesitate before sweeping their hair right off the forehead and drawing it rather tightly to the top of the head. A trying fashion but very distinguished when well arranged.

The under-slip, or petticoat, made of lace or chiffon, is one of the most popular novelties of the season.

These slimy underdresses make their appearance beneath the hem of the new full skirts, and when they are made of chiffon they give a very peculiar effect.

The outline of the lower limbs is distinctly visible; in fact, the gown has the appearance of having been cut too short by accident.

You will see what I mean when you study the little sketch which illustrates this article. I have chosen a simple, yet highly original, model.

It was created by a famous Parisian dress-maker, and it is absolutely original and new. The material of the gown, which was intended for a reception or quiet dinner, was crochets-blue taffetas and the under-dress was composed of oxidised silver lace. The little corsage was a mixture of taffetas and silver tulle and the puffed sleeves were quite short.

Chiffon, and even silk tulle, is often used for

these transparent under-dresses, and one of our most popular dressmakers is making a speciality of bias borders of chiffon attached, transparently, to the hem of taffetas and charmeuse skirts.

The latest idea is the dainty corset made of white brocaded silk which is trimmed at the top with a three-inch band of small, perfectly flat, roses made of chiffon. These roses are delicately shaded, and they form a really delightful trimming.

On looking at them one felt convinced that a similar trimming would be lovely on the top of simple evening bodice made of pale-coloured chiffon or tulle.

Indeed, trimmings of flat roses, arranged in bands, are very much used on evening dresses this spring. The roses are made of taffetas and tinted by hand, or of fine Valenciennes lace; the latter being an original and highly successful invention.

I have recently seen one or two white taffetas blouses which were dotted all over with ribbon-work roses and similar blouses in satin which had tiny daisies made of ivory Valenciennes thrown over the gleaming surface.

Flowers made of very fine lace are also used for millinery purposes.

The high-necked blouse has been able to drive all its rivals from the field. It now stands alone as conqueror of the world of fashion.

### ROLE OF COLLARS.

Who could have believed such a thing—three, even two, months ago? Women and girls seemed so devoted to their comfortable décolleté blouses that one would have supposed that they would never give them up.

But, such is the power of Fashion, already we have become accustomed to high necks; so much so that a blouse which is cut in a V in front and not accompanied by a high guimpe looks quite wrong.

As I said in one of my recent articles, collars are playing a very important role in the fashions of to-day. Collars plain and collars pleated, or gathered or tucked; but always high and important looking. And as the season advances we shall find the collar assuming still more masterful manners.

PARISIENNE.

### WANDERING TITLE DEEDS.

That some of the ancient title deeds of the Bishopric of Winchester had found their way into the hands of a Taunton bookseller was a statement made yesterday at a meeting of the Public Records Commission.

The price of bread, it is stated, will not be increased on Monday, as anticipated, and present prices will rule for at least another week.

## Dickins & Jones

Reproduction of BADGES

Of His Majesty's Forces

MOUNTED as BROOCHES.

About 150 Regiments in Stock.

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ACTUAL SIZE.

### Prices of Badges

Gilt or Silver Finish, each 2/-  
Sterling Silver or Silver Gilt, each 5/6  
9-ct. Gold, each 42/-



Royal Engineers.



Royal Army Medical Corps.

REAL REGIMENTAL BUTTONS, mounted on strong gilt safety pin (as illustration) or Hat Pin ... each 1/-

Also mounted on solid 9-ct. Gold Bar Brooch ... each 8/9

Dickins & Jones, Ltd.

Regent Street, London, W.

## DIETING TO KEEP WELL.

Some people are born with a tendency to certain diseases. What they eat either aggravates this condition or tends to correct it.

Anyone can see the importance of a proper diet, but human beings, unlike the lower animals, lack the instinct that tells them what to eat and what to avoid.

It is a fact that proper diet and a good tonic will keep people well under most conditions, and restore ailing folk to health except in grievous diseases where the need of a physician is imperative.

Start dieting to-day by writing to the Office Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for a free copy of the helpful book "What to Eat and How to Eat." It contains most useful information and describes the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, troublesome conditions of flatulency or gas on the stomach, and discomfort after eating, caused by lack of tone in the digestive organs. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People supply the stomach with well-oxygenated blood, without which good digestion is impossible.

So, besides dieting, begin a short treatment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day; your dealer sells them. An improvement will soon show in increased appetite, better digestion, refreshing sleep and quiet nerves; but never waste time trying substitutes. (Adv.)



Granny says:—

"It's a mercy that you can buy 'Toffee de Luxe' in big tins. I can easily find it now even when I lose my spectacles. My small packets were always disappearing (bless the dear children)—and I wouldn't be without it, for its so good for my cough."

Take a hint from Granny. Buy a Tin to-day.

A Splendid Preservative

## MANSION POLISH

For Furniture, Floors, and Linoleum.

I am MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee, and I can quickly clean and renovate Linoleum, and give a beautiful finish to all Furniture with my new and superior wax preparation. Ask your dealer to-day for MANSION POLISH. Let me do your work. I leave no fingerprints.

Tins 12, 24, 48, 96, and 192. Off-Road Dealers. Manufactured by The Chiswick Polishing Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W. Makers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.



## SANDOW'S HEALTH AND STRENGTH COCOA.

### IMPORTANT LEGAL ACTION.

#### £50 REWARD

will be paid for such information as will lead to the conviction of any person stating that either Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa or Chocolate is being "made in Germany."

In the CHANCERY DIVISION, before Mr. JUSTICE SARGANT, a motion was heard in which an Injunction was sought by SANDOW'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE CO., LTD., in an action against a Brighton trader to restrain him from uttering the libellous statement that this Company's Cocoa and Chocolates are "made in Germany." The Defendant agreed to an order for a Perpetual Injunction to refrain from such statements and the motion was treated as the Trial of the action.

Interest in this verdict is reflected in the large number of letters from our troops at the front, of which the following are fair specimens:

#### REMARKABLE LETTERS FROM THE TRENCHES.

Rifleman Charles Miles, 1st Batt. K.R.R., C Company, 2nd Division, 8th Brigade, Expeditionary Force, says:—"During the winter months in the trenches we have experienced some very trying weather, both frost and rain. My friend sent us a big tin of your famous 'Cocoa.' Our section found it a great boon, and it seemed to put fresh life into us during the cold hours of the night."

Private H. Forster, No. 11 Platoon, No. 3 Company, 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, B.E.F., writes:—"We have had some bitterly cold weather out here, which is very trying to the strongest constitutions in the Trenches. I have found that your 'Health and Strength' Cocoa is a grand thing for keeping out the cold and strengthening one for the hard work to be done. My wife has forwarded me a regular supply of your Cocoa and we often enjoy a mess-tinful made on a small charcoal fire in the Trench. One night a comrade said: 'That's thundering good stuff. I'll write home for some.' You may publish the letter if you care to, as I think everyone should know what a splendid article 'Health and Strength' Cocoa is."

#### OFFER TO OUR BRAVE LADS AFLOAT AND ON SHORE.

In order that all our brave defenders may derive benefit from Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa, the Directors of the Company have initiated the following unique scheme:—

To everyone purchasing two quarters, or one half-pound, tin of Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa will be handed, on request, a postcard which can be forwarded with the Cocoa to their friend at the Front, and which is worded as follows:—

#### TO OUR BRAVE LADS AT THE FRONT

The first Five Hundred British or Colonial Sailors or Soldiers who post one of these cards on German territory will be entitled to nominate their Wife, Mother, Sister, or Sweetheart as a recipient for a handsome silver-plated porcelain cocoa set, consisting of large Jug, Sugar and Cream (three pieces). This offer does not apply to prisoners of war, but only to victors.

Please send Cocoa Set to: Name .....  
Name ..... Number .....  
Full address ..... Ship or Regiment .....

Sandow's HEALTH AND STRENGTH Cocoa is manufactured entirely by BRITISH workpeople in a BRITISH Factory.

If any difficulty in obtaining locally, please write direct to Sandow's Cocoa and Chocolate Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, who will send you name and address of nearest agent.

N.B.—Sandow's HEALTH AND STRENGTH Cocoa is guaranteed pure, and contains no shell whatsoever. It is the MOST EASILY DIGESTED of all cocoas, and admitted to be the FINEST on the market. 3d., 4d., 7d., and 1s. 2d.—(Advtd.)

## LUNTIN MIXTURE.



A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCOES.

6d. PER OUNCE 2/- QUARTER POUND TINS.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5d. PER OUNCE  
TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5d. PER OUNCE

## SHIP ON FIRE! EXCITING RESCUE SCENES.



A steamer which caught fire in Salonika Harbour. The vessel blazed furiously, and there were some exciting scenes during the rescue of the crew, all of whom were got away safely by Greek sailors.

### SIGNALLING WITH A SEARCHLIGHT.



It is possible to use searchlights during daylight, and the French employ them for signalling purposes. The picture was taken within the war area, and shows soldiers sending a message.

### BLESSING RUSSIAN AMBULANCES.



Priest blessing motor-ambulances which were given to the Tsar's Army by Russians resident in Paris. They form a splendid gift, being fitted with every modern appliance.

## LAMPOR & HOLT, LTD.

The third annual meeting of Lampor & Holt, Limited, was held yesterday at the company's London office, Lime Street, London, E.C. Sir Owen Phillips, K.C.M.G., (chairman of the company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. J. Mackenzie) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen—It is just seventy years since this old-established business was founded, and in rising to move the adoption of the third year's report of the Company I may say that it is a gratification to the Directors to be able to again recommend a dividend of Eight per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, being at the same rate as for the two previous years, and also to recommend that a sum of £100,000 be set aside to form the nucleus of an Insurance Fund. Since the business was incorporated as a Company the whole of the Goodwill and Preliminary Expenses have been written off, and a Reserve Fund has been formed which amounts to £200,000, so that with the Insurance Fund our total reserves already amount to £300,000. The profits for the year 1914 were smaller than for either of the two preceding years, the amount of the profits having been adversely affected by the great War. Those people who take their views from sensational paragraphs which have appeared from time to time in the Press, and which are based either on exceptional cases or, what is not unusual, on a theoretical knowledge of all the facts, are apt to form somewhat erroneous opinions as to the effect the War has had up to the present on many great shipping companies. In the case of this Company, as in the case of many others, the first five months of the War, which period is covered by the accounts now before you, was a period of great anxiety and difficulty. We all hope that the War will be brought to a glorious and satisfactory conclusion at the earliest possible moment, but I trust that those who criticise shipowners will not forget that it is the shareholders in shipping companies who, for a very moderate average return on their capital invested in a business which is its very nature is bound to be speculative, have provided the funds to build up the great mercantile fleet of over twenty million tons which British business has built up which has enabled Great Britain and all its Majesty's Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas to depend on the great Army of which we are all so proud. Next to the enormous movement of the enemy's cruisers and submarines which have been carried out in safety by British liners owing to the over-enthusiastic case of the Navy, it is my opinion that the most remarkable feat in this War has been the fact that the British Navy has in less than eight months caused the enemy's cruisers and submarines to be high seas, and although one, or possibly two, of these commerce raiders are believed to be still at large, I have no doubt that before long they will either be sunk or ignominiously interned in neutral ports, like so many of their fellows. The fact that the British Navy has not been held up for a single hour by the submarine menace. In fact, during the eight weeks since submarines have attacked merchant vessels they have sunk only one out of every 470 vessels arriving at or sailing from British ports, being less than one-fifth of one per cent. Of course, a very large proportion of the British Mercantile Marine trades to other parts of the world, and in those cases there has been no loss. You will see that by the Report that out of about 40 steamers owned by the Company we had two captured by the enemy's cruisers, viz., the Cervantes, one of our older cargo steamers, and the passenger and mail steamer Vandrick. These two vessels were taken in October last in the South Atlantic by the Karlsruhe, but I am pleased to say the passengers and crews were all landed safely. Both steamers were insured in a War Risk Association, but of course it is impossible to replace these steamers at anything approaching the amount received from the Underwriters. And while on this subject, I should like to point out that although the War Risk Association, in which the Government participate to the extent of eighty per cent. of the profit or loss, as the case may be, have so far worked very well for tramp steamers and cargo steamers of medium or low value, they have been found to throw a heavy and to my opinion, an unfair burden upon high-class passenger steamers of high value, which have had to pay such enormous sums of money in war risk premiums. Up to the present these high-class vessels, which have to pay the same rate per ton as vessels of low value, are to my mind, as in the case of ordinary marine insurance, to be by far the best "risk" from the Underwriter's point of view, and to make the scheme fair to all, I think it will be found that the premiums on passenger steamers should bear the same ratio to those on cargo steamers as they bear in the case of ordinary marine risks. Besides the national services rendered by shipowners, to which I have already alluded, in which this Company has taken its part, you will, I know, be pleased to hear that a large number of our shore and sea staff have joined the Army and Navy, and are doing their part to assist in bringing the War to a speedy termination, while those of our staff who are unable to render active service in the high seas or at the front have been doing their share by carrying on this great business which the Government have entrusted to the country, and they are also doing a share of the work of the men who have gone. You will be interested to hear that the Company have a number of steamers at present building, the contracts for which were made before the war, and these contracts could not be repeated except at very much enhanced prices.

I now beg to move the Report and Accounts be approved and adopted, and that a dividend of Eight per cent. less income tax, be paid on the Ordinary Shares.

Mr. Arthur Cook seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved the re-election of Mr. Alfred S. Williams, the retiring director, K.P., P.C., seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

On the motion of Mr. A. H. Bennett, seconded by Mr. Pluton H. Jones, Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co. were reappointed auditors.

The proceedings then terminated.

#### SITUATIONS VACANT.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.  
A GOOD Agent Wanted: a man with spare time may secure a good and independent position; no risk or outlay.—Address O 2020, "Daily Mirror," 23, Boulevard, E.C.

BASKET Workers wanted for shell baskets, etc., also improvers; plenty material.—Stokes and Holt, Leicester.

CINEMA Stage Music-halls—Beginners' guide free; everything explained.—Graham's, 295, Kennington-rd.

SMART Boy Wanted for office of London Newspaper.—Apply Box 2017, "Daily Mirror," 23 and 25, Boulevard, E.C.

#### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.  
GRAMOPHONE—124 hornless model in mahogany cabinet on wheels, Lons design, height 3ft. 9in., powerful motor, grand selection of records, £5 12s. 6d.; approval—58, Cambridge-st., Hyde Park, London.  
PIANOS—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class B.S.A. pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month; carriage paid; catalogue free—Boyd, Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

#### HOUSES TO LET.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.  
FREE TO Rentpayers.—The current number of an Illustrated Magazine will be sent post free on application to those who would like to know how to use their rent to buy their houses.—Write, mentioning "Daily Mirror," to The Editor, "Home," 3, Brushfield-st., London, E.C.

#### MOTORS AND CYCLES.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.  
GENTLEMAN'S 1915 Model de Luxe Cycle, B.S.A. 3-speed gear, Palmer tyres, gear-case and cut-back; bargain; £4 12s. 6d.—Delamere-rd., Portsmouth.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.  
A SHORT Cut to Typing—The "L.D.S." 59, Kingston-hill, S.W.



## NEWS ITEMS.

## Policewomen Wanted.

The Chief Constable of Southampton is advertising for two policewomen at a salary of 27s. a week, rising to 37s. a week.

## Captain Found Dead.

Captain Douglas Jones, Welsh Fusiliers, whose son, an Army lieutenant, was recently killed at the front, was found dead yesterday at his residence, Wickham, Hants.

## Woman Scoutmaster's Funeral.

With the coffin covered by the Union Jack, the late Miss E. B. Long, the first woman scoutmaster appointed in Kent, was buried with boy scout honours yesterday at Woodnesborough.

## Minister to Make Shells.

The services of the Rev. Stuart Robertson, a Glasgow minister, have been accepted by a Glasgow engineering firm, and on Monday he will assist in making shells for the Government.

## Tolstoi's Grandson Recaptured.

Count Michael Tolstoi, grandson of the famous author, who was captured on the Austrian front, says Reuter, attempted to escape, but was recaptured and has been interned in a fortress.

## Russia's Way with Prisoners.

The way in which prisoners have hitherto been treated in Russia, says Reuter, may be inferred from an order now issued by the Minister of the Interior prohibiting prisoners from visiting hotels, restaurants, theatres and circuses.

## Death as Promotion.

"If I am hit I shall regard it as promotion," was a phrase quoted yesterday by Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces, at St. Michael's, Cornhill, from a young officer's letter to his sister. "That night he was promoted," added the Bishop.

## CAPTIVES' OATH OF SILENCE.

PARIS, March 28.—The Echo de Paris says: "During the last few days some German prisoners have met all questions with obstinate silence, only replying that they would not break their oath."

"There is no doubt that a new order has been given to the German soldiers, and that their officers make them swear to say nothing if they fall into the hands of the enemy."

"Many of the prisoners, however, speak freely without any pressure at all, declaring that they have had enough of it."—Reuter.

Our Fighting Men know what is good—that is why they use CHERRY YELLOW DUBBIN. Rubbed upon the feet, as well as upon the hands, it prevents footrot. Prepared by the Makers of CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.—(Advt.)

## ALLY SLOPER'S NATIONAL.

Lady Nelson's Horse Easily De'cats Jacobus and Father Confessor.

Lady Nelson's horse, Ally Sloper, won the Grand National Steeplechase very easily from Jacobus and Father Confessor yesterday—the first time the race has fallen to a lady owner.

Although hardly up to the average of recent years, there was a splendid attendance.

Directly betting opened there was a big demand for Irish Mail, and Mr. Eric Platt's horse soon became a better favourite than Lord Marcus. Father Confessor also came in for a lot of support, and of the quartette saddled by the Hon. A. Hastings Ally Sloper was the popular choice.

The twenty runners gave little trouble at the start, and after very little delay they were sent away on even terms. Ilston was the first prominent candidate to come down, and then Balcadden, who had never previously fallen, Lord Marcus and Bachelor's Flight copied the bad example.

Soon after a loud shout announced that Bullawarra, the Australian horse, had come down; and the leaders at the end of the first round were the despised outsiders, Blowpipe and St. Mathurin. Meanwhile Lyrall had remounted Balcadden, and was hopefully pursuing the leaders.

Gradually Blowpipe and St. Mathurin found the pace too hot for them, and six furlongs from home Jacobus was leading from Alfred Noble, Silver Top and Ally Sloper. Irish Mail, the favourite, had now been pulled up, and making up ground in great style Ally Sloper went on to win easily by two lengths. Alfred Noble was fourth, and then followed Thorp, Pin, Silver Top, Balcadden, Blowpipe and Bachelor's Flight. It should be said that Newey, the rider of Jacobus, was greatly handicapped through losing an iron.

The feature of the event was the reappearance of the Lincolnshire Handicap winner, View Law, in the Bridgeman Stakes. Despite a 10lb. penalty, he was a firm favourite, but he was beaten by Matter and Velociter.

## LIVERPOOL RACING RETURNS.

1.30.—THURSBY PLATE. 74.—PRIM SIMON (6-4, Wheatley), 1; Maybed (10-1), 2; Overight (8-1), 3. Also ran: Paravid and South Parade (6-1).

2.0.—HYLTON HANDICAP. 1m.—CLEVER DICK (4-1, Wind), 1; San Benito (5-2), 2; Eastington (6-1), 3. Also ran: Murr (4-1), Decate (5-1), Solley (7-1), Semo, Tera Ford, The Guard and Wolf Ford (100-8).

3.0.—GRAND NATIONAL CHASE. 5m. 85yds.—ALLY SLOPER (100-8, Mr. Anthony), 1; Jacobus (25-1), 2; Father Confessor (16-1), 3. Also ran: Irish Mail (6-1), Bachelor's Flight (100-9), Bullawarra (100-7), Diana, Alfred Noble (100-1), Denis Auburn, Itacon, Thorp Pin (33-1), Bachelor's Flight (40-1), Bullawarra, Blowpipe, The Babe, St. Mathurin and Bachelor (50-1).

3.30.—BICKENSTAPPE STAKES. 1m.—ROSELAND (6-6, Donoghue), 1; Tullinet (7-2), 2; Black Kite (6-1), 3. Also ran: Drim (10-1) and Ivel (20-1).

4.20.—BRIDGEMAN STAKES. 5f.—MATTER (10-1, Lancaster), 1; Velociter (8-1), 2; View Law (14-9), 3. Also ran: Young Pegasus, Twisty (5-1), Rieur, Matcho Paani, Pimston, Toscan and Buttery Belle (100-8).

4.45.—KNOWSLEY PLATE. 11m.—ST. OLIVIAS (4-1, Donoghue), 1; Squire Bruce (4-1), 2; Bideper (16-1), 3. Also ran: Fingate (2-1), Bruce (4-1), Rainfall (5-1) and Eyronan (20-1).

## WELLS V. MORAN.

Mind Versus Muscle on Show at the Opera House on Monday.

An exhibition of mind versus muscle will be on show at the London Opera House next Monday night, when Bombardier Wells and Frank Moran meet to decide which is the better big man of the twin.

In no sense can it be called a world's white heavy-weight championship, for neither man holds the title. Georges Carpentier won it when he beat "Gunboat" Smith at Olympia last summer.

But it will be the meeting of two of the most intelligent boxers at present in the limelight. Moran is a graduate of Pittsburgh University, and is a fully qualified dental surgeon. Moreover, he is a man of globe-trotting proclivities who has seen more of the world than falls to the lot of most men.

Wells is highly intelligent soldier who would have done well in any walk of life he had chosen for himself.

He is the best heavy-weight white boxer in the world, and it is against him that he has not proved himself the best heavy-weight fighter. There is a vast difference between fighting and boxing, and if Wells had been half as good a fighter as he is a boxer he would be undisputed champion to-day with his wonderful physical advantages, his speed and his cleverness.

Moran is a dour, hard fighter. He is not in the same class as Wells as a boxer, but he will make our champion think all the while by his tenacity. I do not think he can hit as hard as Wells, or so scientifically or so quickly. But he will take more punishment than the Englishman and think less of it.

It may be a sensational, quick contest, but it is more likely to go on for more than half of the twenty rounds for which it is scheduled. Personally I think Wells will win, but the man who can stand twenty rounds of "Gunboat" Smith and Jack Johnson will take some beating, and he may wear Wells down by his very endurance.

The fight should be quite one of the best seen for a long time from the point of view of newspaper reproduction of photographs. Both men are upstanding boxers, and it is not likely to resolve itself into a cuddling match. The Daily Mirror lights will be erected for the match, and pictures of the great contest will appear exclusively in this paper.

P. J. M.

## SELECTIONS FOR LIVERPOOL.

1.0.—Liverpool Hurdle—GONDOLAR.

1.30.—Cup Course Plate—PROMPTER.

2.0.—Champion Chase—BALLINCABRONA.

2.30.—Earl of Sefton's Plate—SHOW GIRL.

3.0.—Sefton Park Plate—MARCHETTA F.

3.30.—Magnoli Plate—LAGGARD.

Double Event for To-day.

GONDOLAR and MARCHETTA F.

BOUVIERIE.

At Romford to-day the 1st and 2nd Sportsman's Battalions of the Royal Fusiliers meet in a "Soccer" match. At Rochampton the 1st Sportsman's Battalion meet the Bank of England at "Rugby," and at Richmond the H.A.C. meet the B.A.M.C. (Aldershot).

## RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

best, and my opinion is that we've been running our heads against a brick wall. She doesn't care for him; we imagine she does, because we should like her to. Far better leave her alone; you take my advice for once in your life." Old Jardine shook his head; his face looked troubled.

"It's all very well, but I think she ought to know. If anything happens—if he never comes back... Oh, I know what you're going to say, but facts have got to be faced... He is quite as likely to get another bullet as any other of the poor lads out there—more so, if one considers that he's got nothing much to wish to come back to. When he ran in just now to tell me, there was a sort of recklessness about him that I didn't like; I didn't like it at all... I'm fond of the boy—I'm almost as fond of him as if he'd been my own son, and I maintain that Sonia ought to be told."

Sonia had listened almost unconsciously, but now she moved forward, pushing open the half-closed door.

"What ought I to be told?" she asked, clearly. Old Jardine started; Lady Merriam swung round.

"How long have you been standing there, Pray?" she asked, a trifle exasperated. "I thought you were fast asleep."

Sonia did not seem to hear. She was looking straight at old Jardine, but for a moment he did not answer, then he came forward and took her hand.

"I did not know you were anywhere about, my dear," he said, with a break in his kind voice. "And if I'm wrong in what I've said I hope you'll forgive me. But somehow, I'm not quite happy in my mind about you; and if anything happened, and you hadn't been told..."

"If I hadn't been told—what?" Old Jardine met her pretty eyes without faltering. "That Richard Chatterton is going back to France to-night," he said, deliberately.

There will be another splendid instalment on Monday.

## DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you suffer from involuntary blushing or shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, conversation, or "appearing in public"? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" as your natural talents deserve? I can tell you how to change your whole mental outlook. By my Treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind which will give you absolute self-confidence. Being freed from Mental handicaps you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to yourself. Send at once a penny stamp for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 15 days. Godfrey Elliot-Smith, 476, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circus, London, E.C. (Advt.)



Types of British Army.  
INDIAN INFANTRY.

# PLAYERS' "Doublet" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

PURE VIRGINIA TOBACCO

10 FOR 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub><sup>d</sup>.  
20 FOR 5<sup>d</sup>.  
50 FOR 1/-

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



# No. 3 OF THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"—ANOTHER AMAZING ISSUE

HAND THIS  
TO YOUR  
NEWSAGENT.

Please deliver the "Sunday Pictorial" every week until  
further notice to—

Name .....  
Address .....

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

### SWEET SIMPLICITY.

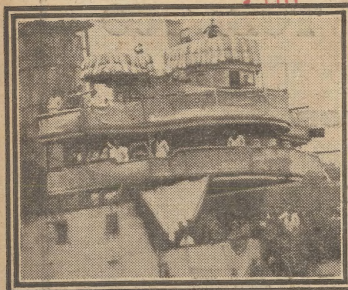
*In envelope in caption.*



Dinner dress of white taffeta by Phillips and Sons. It is quite simple, but very pretty, and has the new wide skirt.

### PROTECTING THE BRIDGE.

*8-1711*



French battleship which is taking part in the operations in the Dardanelles. The bridge is protected by sandbags.

### BARMAID CHARGED WITH SHOOTING OFFICER'S WIFE.

*P. 17153 B*



Marie Lanteri, a barmaid, who is charged with causing the death of Mrs. Annie Wootten by shooting her, standing in the dock at the North London Police Court yesterday. She was remanded until to-day week. The second picture shows Lieutenant Albert Wootten, husband of the dead woman. He is in the Bedfordshire Regiment.



*P. 17153 D*

### AIR RAID ON LONDON AS SEEN THROUGH A FUTURIST'S EYES.

*4-1715 E*



This poster may be seen at the recruiting office in Kingsway. It is a futurist's idea of a Zeppelin raid on London, though it is difficult to believe that it could be quite as bad as this. Note how Nelson's Column has shifted up close to St. Paul's.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)